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For the National Era.  
STORY OF A LIFE.

Womanly sympathy of Elizabeth touched the chords of that despairing heart at last. Her own soft white hand upon that of the girl she said, "Harriet! poor child!" For the first time since the dreary morning, she saw her face. A very child might have been forgiven to have been contented with the mere countenance—open, confiding, exuding strong feeling, but neither harsh nor depravely nor cast down. With a wish, her eager gaze into the mild and pitying eyes bent so mildly upon her, and touched by the deep earnestness and pathos of the voice, which had only uttered the heartfelt ejaculation "Poor child!" she leaned her head upon the lay of her sister, and, in a passionate abandonment of her feelings, wept untristainedly. Elizabeth remained silent, only stroking tenderly the mother's head, till the heaving of the bosom subsided, the sobs became less frequent and the tears dried.

Elizabeth, the indirect means of bringing about this improvement, became an object of great interest. The reformation effected in Negvate since her visits there was the theme of conversation in all circles; and the accounts circulated of the imposing scenes witnessed, brought a strange variety of persons to that abode of sin and sorrow. The poor regarded her as a benefactress, angel, and the nobly born and richly endowed paid her the homage of respect and admiration. Queen Charlotte desired she should be presented to her, and, by request of her Royal Highness, Elizabeth waited upon her at the palace. The interview between the two was striking. The diminutive stature of the Queen, covered with diamonds, and Elizabeth, her simple Quaker dress adding to the height of her figure, maintaining the wondrous calmness of her look and manner. Several of

She looked in upon the miserable lunatic, and the soothing voice and gentle touch brought back the memories of other and happier days, till something like a ray of light gleamed athwart the darkened intellect. She penetrated the gloom of the felon's cell, and even the outcast and forsaken felt how beautiful were the ministrations of the merciful.

"The experience of life had taught her, that He who rules as God, of Providence, directs

knowledge, to be free by even the judges who, on application, refused to grant the writ of *habeas corpus*. The tardy and expensive process of "petition for freedom," adopted by the counsel for poor Rachel, was appealed to, then, as now, as the only remedy for the colored race in this State; and it throws the *onus probandi* on the victimized, instead of the victimizer, where slavery desires it thrown—for the darkened color of the skin is evidence presumptive

American cruiser, and been brought into the United States for adjudication, would not our Courts have decided that the vessel and slaves must be restored to the Spanish owners under the law of nations? Now, suppose that on this voyage to Havana the Africans had succeeded in overpowering the Spaniards, and reducing them to subjection, as they did on the second voyage from Havana, and had chosen to call the Spaniards their slaves and their property,

throughout these broad United States, how long would it be before the guillotine, the halter, and the gibbet, would be called into requisition to silence the daring rebel who should dare to speak or write against their usages or enactments?

If we are obliged to obey human laws when their dictates run counter to the laws of God, then there can be no such thing as right and wrong; for human laws are shifting ever, just

It is feared that the outgushing sympathies of the great American heart, for those suffering the refined cruelties of European despotism, may be somewhat cooled down by the cold, calculating tactics of party, controlled and shaped by a corresponding power here. Let this Convention, then, be outspoken on the great principles of universal Liberty and Justice.

C. R.